

# Rebelle



Sons of Confederate Veterans  
Jefferson Davis Camp No. 635

\* Volume XXXVII \* War Memorial Building, Jackson, MS 39201 \* March 2008 \* Number 3 \*



## ○ March Meeting ○ Rev. Glenn Shows

First Lt. Commander Randy Rogers reports that Rev. Glenn Shows will present a program to the camp at the March meeting. The topic of the presentation has not yet been announced.

Everyone come and bring a recruit!

**When:** March 25, 2008. 6:00 pm.

**Where:** Municipal Art Gallery, State St., Jackson.

*See you there!*



**M**y son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

**F**or length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

**L**et not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart:

**S**o shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

**T**rust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

**I**n all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

**B**e not wise in thine own eyes: fear the LORD, and depart from evil.

Proverbs 3: 1-7  
(KJV)

## February Meeting Report

### John Mosby — Part 1

Robert Murphree presented a program on John Mosby's career in the Confederate Army. Due to Mosby's great number of accomplishments beginning with his entry to service, Robert was only able to cover about half the war years but offered to return to complete the presentation at a later date.



Compatriot Dan Duggan gave his "this date in the WBTS" (February 26) presentation.



Two of the "Dixie Hummingbirds" from the advance guard of the migration north made it back to Mississippi and presented some music.



*Here's the somewhat maudlin story of a Confederate dying in a Yankee prison:*

## The Legend of the Confederate Soldier

In a dreary Yankee prison  
Where a rebel soldier lay  
By his side there stood a preacher  
Ere his soul should pass away  
And he faintly whispered, "Parson,"  
As he clutched him by the hand  
"Oh Parson, tell me quickly,  
Will my soul pass through the Southland?"

"Will my soul pass through the Southland,  
Through Old Virginia grand?  
Will I see the hills of Georgia,  
And the green fields of Alabam?  
Will I see the little church-house,  
Where I pledged my heart and hand?  
Oh, Parson, tell me quickly,  
Will my soul pass through the Southland?"

"Was for lovin' dear old Dixie,  
In this dreary cell I lie.  
Was for lovin' dear old Dixie,  
In this Northern state I die.  
Will you see my little daughter,  
Will you make her understand?  
Oh, Parson, tell me quickly,  
Will my soul pass through the Southland?"

Then the Rebel Soldier died

Send address corrections to:  
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Visit the camp web site at: <http://www.scvcamp635.org>



## Calendar

**March 25, 2008**

Regular meeting of  
Camp 635 at the  
Municipal Art Gallery

**April 22, 2008**

Regular meeting of  
Camp 635 at the  
Municipal Art Gallery

**April 27, 2008**

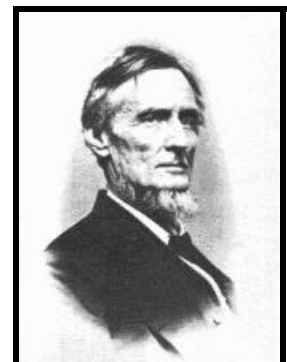
Confederate Memorial  
Day observance at  
Greenwood Cemetery

**May 27, 2008**

Regular meeting of  
Camp 635 at the  
Municipal Art Gallery

**June 24, 2008**

Regular meeting of  
Camp 635 at the  
Municipal Art Gallery



**Reveille Dedication**  
There is no dedication this  
month

**Chaplain's Dispatch**

I recently read this thoughtful story by Ruth Bell Graham, the late wife of Billy Graham:

"I shall miss Mother this Christmas," the clerk in the Ashville store told me. Her mother had died recently, and this would be the first Christmas without her.

"I used to go home in the evenings, and we'd have such good times together."

The day they put her in the hospital, the doctor told the children they have to stay out of her room in order for her to rest and get adjusted.

"So I stayed out in the hall," she continued, waiting...listening.

Finally I could stand it no longer, and I went in.

"I thought you'd never come!" Mother said."

Blinking back the tears, the clerk added, with a smile, "You know, I'm thinking they'll be the first words she'll say to me when I get to Heaven!"

Sincerely,  
Hubert W. Miazza  
Chaplain

*(Continued from page 4)*

ing Sunday afternoon rainstorm on St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1864, at the head of two full army corps (over 23,000) of battle-hardened Union veterans. The blue troops met only light opposition from rear-guard cavalry, as the rebel army retreated to Demopolis. When the federals left on Saturday, the 20th, Meridian was a smoldering ruin. Sherman reported to Washington that "Meridian, with its depots, store-houses, arsenal, hospitals, offices, hotels, and cantonments no longer exists." He remarked that "a crow flying over would have to carry its own rations".

Only four homes remained standing in Meridian when Sherman departed; even the house where he himself had headquartered was burned to the ground. During the year that followed Sherman would repeat the destruction perfected here throughout much of Georgia and the Carolinas. An early practitioner of "total war", Sherman was unrepentant: "War is cruelty," he said. "There is no use trying to reform it. The crueller it is, the sooner it will be over."

Sherman's cruel application of "total war," may have resulted from the unbearable grief and resulting depression he suffered because of the death of his nine year old son, Willie, in October, 1863. Sherman undoubtedly blamed himself for bringing his family to Vicksburg, where Willie had contracted the deadly yellow fever that killed him, and he may also have blamed Mississippi and the south in general for his son's untimely death.

The man who annihilated Meridian grimly mused: "Three years ago, by a little reflection and patience, they could have had a hundred years of peace and prosperity, but they preferred war; very well. Last year they could have saved their slaves, but now it is too late. All the powers of earth cannot return to them their slaves, any more than their dead grandfathers. Next year their lands will be taken; for in war we can take them, and rightfully, too, and in another year they may beg in vain for their lives."

Nice Guy!

Deo Vindice  
Emmett Eaton,  
Camp Commander

???

**Trivia Question:**

This month's question asks:

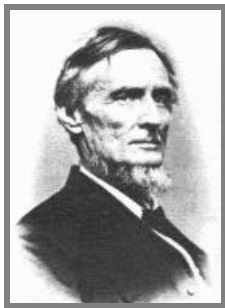
What South Carolina aristocrat kept a journal that was later published as "A Diary from Dixie"?

February's question asked:

What happened on Feb 9th 1861?

The answer:

Jefferson Davis was chosen as President of the Confederate States of America.



# Commander's Column

TO MY FELLOW COMPATRIOTS:

February is nearly over.....on to the Spring and Confederate Heritage month of April. Many of the surrounding SCV camps have announced their plans already. Our camp's celebration is usually scheduled for the last weekend in April. This year that would occur on April 27. I see no need to break from tradition. Everyone, please make plans to help clean the cemetery and most importantly to attend the memorial service. We hope, in conjunction with our memorial service, to have installed the cemetery marker that the camp has worked so diligently to acquire. We will be installing same as a camp project in the near future.

We want to wish Carter Naugher the best in his new job and relocating to Amory. He will be missed. Carter was heading up the memorial service committee with Bill Kimmel. Bill will need some help. Please consider volunteering to help Bill out in this endeavor for our ancestors.

I know spring must have been in the air because our favorite "Birds" stopped in on their northerly migration. Good songs. Great talent!

And yes Mr. Murphree, I do remember the Grey Ghost tv series:

*"We took our men from Texas, Kentucky, and Virginia;  
from the mountains, backwoods and the plains.  
We put them under orders — guerrilla fighting orders,  
and what we lacked in numbers, we made up in speed and brains.*

*Both Rebs and Yankee strangers,  
they called us 'Mosby's Rangers.'  
Both North and South they knew our fame.  
Gray Ghost is what they called me; John Mosby is my name."*

The month of February 1864 was not good for the state of Mississippi but in particular, the city of Meridian. Major General William T. Sherman entered Meridian in a chill-

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